The ante-bellum negro, with his master's elegant bow and knack of looking decent in picturesque rags, is fast dropping out of Southern life. His "old woman," waddling comfortably under the big clothes basket of collowing proudly a sleeked-up grandbaby of "we-all's folks," is a rare figure now in Southern towns, says the Nashville

Even the Southern winter is a fatal season to the old African's constitution. Every spring the ranks, pitiably thinner, shamble out into sunshiny streets and alleys, with tolerable surety of falling with next winter's snows.

Like his master, the ex-slave has grown hoary in the struggle to meet new conditions, but, unlike his master, he has not been able to conquer. Worn with the struggle, he drops out of life, with no successor in his race, no bequeathment of himself to history except through the dialect story of the South

With him passes illustration of that unique relation between master and slave which preserved the old wine of bondage in the new bottles of the nineteenth century, and left a peculiar cordiality between the two after emancipation.

The idiom of the old negro's dialect, his flashlight phrases of feeling and warm, shrewd imagery pass with him. The inimitable slurs of his soft enunciation and comical, picturesque, miscalled long words, give a popularity to his dialect which none other, not even the Scotch, possesses for the public mind.

The manner which he "put on" in his youth with his master's old coat sets him apart in age as a gentleman of cultured address. When he stands at the back door. bowing over his ragged hat, he discovers the truth that elegance is acquired by association, for the fineness of ante-bellum parlors hangs on his old lisp and obsequious

Every town in the South has among its public characters one of these old negroes. To have reached this present age he has been necessarily of the uncommon, industrious, sober type.

He has, if he is very old, given up his "patch," or his old horse has been forbidden by the prevention of cruelty society to creak about in his rickety old cart, or a shiny young buck may have displaced him as a janitor of some public building. He only does odd jobs "about de place" of old acquaintances. He is shy of modern bustle, and, avoiding public thoroughfares, hobbles up back streets to a corner where he is likely to meet some of "Ole Marse's kinship

likely to meet some of "Ole Marse's kinship of clan."

"Howdy, boss? You's lookin' well to-day, you sho' is! You favor ole marse jest de same ez when you useter ride hinte (behind) me on ole mule Jinny. Hit's a powerful cole day! Yas, s.h., too cole fer me to wuk to-day. Yas, s.h., de roometiz done cotch me in de back. I hain't ez peart ez common to-day, boss."

It is not begging. No one could look at Uncle Ishe, quaintly respectable in his rags and bows, and call it begging. But the b.ss sticks his fingers in his vest pocket for locse change. If he has not seen the old man lately he asks about his old wife, or shiftless son or daughter. If he has seen him with too much frequency he doesn't hesitate to tell him so roundly, knowing, however, it will not have the least effect on Uncle Ishe's reappearance. According to the old man's account, his poverty is always a temporary accident.
"Hard times?" No auh! Te he

the old man's account, his poverty is always a temporary accident.

"Hard times? No suh! Te, he, he! Hard times don't no moren's ketch me by de foot, an' dat's jas when I hab my roomede foot, an' dat's jas when I hab my roometiz. You nebber see dis nigger long but
what he's laughin'. Boss (in confidential
importance), I haul mo' trunks week fo'
las' dan any udder man in town—'ceptin',
in course, de transfer men—but my ole
horse—yas, suh; yas, suh, de same one,"
straightening in proud defense of her,
'des a grabble in er foot, boss, an' I hab to
res' her—dat's all. She'il be all right.
A cook, boss? Yas, suh, I knows plenty
dat wants to cook an' calls devselves cooks. dat wants to cook, an calls deyselves cooks, an mighty peart ter take de money for cookin, but dey's not fitten to cook fer cookin', but dey's not fitten to cook fer you. Dese yar good-fer-nuthin', no-count young niggers dat lazes round all day an' trollops roun' all night, a-jinin' de brudders er dis an sisters tudder, ez fitten fer nuttin' but de penitemsheary er de bad place. Dey han' slip, boss. Yas, suh! An' you won't be shore uf nuttin' in de house fum de ice in de freezerator ter Mis' Virginy's new fine close. I like ter 'commodate you, boss (a flash of Chesterfieldian courtesy), an' I kin sen' 'em roun' ter you-an' I will effin you say soterfieldian courtesy), an' I kin sen' 'ei roun' ter you—an' I will effin you say so-but dey's not what you want."

But more frequent now than this meeting is a sudden summons from Uncle Ishe to the young doctor among the descendants of "Ole Marse." All is done that can be the young doctor among the descendants of "Ole Marse." All is done that can be done, but on the street corner, in the office store and courtroom there is a moment that pathetic pause at the announcement that Uncle Ishe, old Uncle Ishe, faithful remnant of a departed day, is dead. There is a big funeral among the negroes, and all is over but a tender memory with his

Outside of Charleston the old negro now is the only stubborn aristocrat in the South-His pride in his owner's family is the same as when he served in the parlor as a slave, aristocratic by reflection. The family may be poor, the sons and daughters working for daily bread, but the old servitor, he is still "de quality," and the store or office where he works is transformed in his mind into a sort of social annex to the old South's

early every Southern family has some such old negro to call round yearly. If not the old man, the old woman in her stout cape or starched sunbonnet, and, whatever the weather, the inevitable umbrella, her badge of respectability, refuses to take the chair pressed her unless she is so old her feeble l accept it as a necessity before she brings

her call to an end.

The visit, formerly, was cheerful, greeting "Ole Miss," and seeing who the grandbabies "favored"; but "Ole Miss's" chair babies "favored"; but "Ole Miss's" chair has been empty many years, her daughter is a grandmother now, on whom the ends of life have come. The babies are grown and are marrying, and death has chosen the brightest and best. Lack of communication between the old negro's alley and her "white folks" often leaves the old weren reitiably ignorant of great

and her "white folks" often leaves the old woman pitiably ignorant of great charges in the household.

"De las' time," she quavers, hanging over her umbrella for support, her eyes bleared with age, as she looks on the familiar faces, all sad, "you tole me yo' cousin Chee'sr wuz gone! He my baby, honey," the old voice breaking "I myssed him an den I cook fer gone! He my baby, honey. The old voice breaking. "I nussed him, an den I cook fer his ma twel he done growed inter breeches. I useter run him roun' de house fo' he cut his curls—he ma curl 'em all ober he head—an' I run to ketch 'im an' kiss 'im. An' when I lay hole on 'im." a reminiscent chuckle, "he sho did squeal lak a little pig cotch in de fence. But I hab to hab my pay far all ders better cakes he done stow away. fer all dem batty cakes he done stow away. Sence he growed so big—he's more'n six feet, wa'n't he, honey?—I jas see 'im on de street

and the noney:—I jas see im on destreet some time.

"An' dis time honey," the life passing out of the oid voice, 'you tell me yore little James been gone might' nigh a year. De cook tell me in de kitchen an' I jus' sot down dere—'peared lak I couldn't git no fudder! He de baby ob you all, an' yo' ma de baby ob ole Miss fambly. He had his milk when he wuz a baby ev'ry night, sartin es de night come. He de strongest ob yo' ma's children—das so, honey. I won't say no more effin' hit make yore ma cry—but peared like my heart'd bust effin' I don't say something. Ef he been black an' my own chile I couldn't love 'im mo'.

couldn't love 'im mo'.

"An' I hy-erd, honey, dat yo' brudder chawley doner nned away from college and marr'd dat wile looking gal wid de curls pair.

PASSING OF THE OLD NEGRO.

HE IS UNABLE TO MEET NEW CONDITIONS IN THE SOUTH.

Remains a Stubborn Aristocrat, With the same Pride in His Owner's Name as When He Was a Slave—Disappeared With Decadence of the Old Manstens.

The ante-bellum negro, with his master's

The ante-bellum negro, with his master's

gray hairs in yore ma's haid mo'n giben up little James. Don' know when I kin git back, honey," with a last faltering look round the room, "de good Lawd may call fust—dis may be de las' time! We mus all lib fer de udder worl'. Thankee, Miss Mary! Yessum, I kin kyar (carry) dat, yarsum, and dat, too—I got my basket out's here. Some brackberry cordial, Ole Miss make? Sho kin make room fer dat, Yassum, I lib in de same place—I'll lets you. Yassum, I lib in de same place—I'll lets you know effin' I git down."

But in a few months, or a year or two at

But in a few months, or a year or two at most, the old woman comes no more.

The passing of the old negro is contemporary with the falling in of old mansions, and turning to the wild, forsaken gardens, moss-hung and neglected, where sun dials warp amidst honeysuckle and tangled jasmine—the passing of a gracious, effortless hospitality—of conversation as a delicate art with women, and a fine accomplishment in men. plishment in men.
It marks the decadence of the lover among

It marks the decadence of the lover among young Americans, or, to go to the bottom of the matter, perhaps, a falling off of that fine femininity which, like the violet, turns its sweetness downward to the roots of life, and which begets in men the cavalier type.

The passing, in a word, of that peculiar aroma of character which is the offspring of leisure for the finer things of life, a leisure which the old negro stood for in the South's past, the memory of which, outliving all other sides of the question, throws a halo over his dark figure as he disappears.

SECOND-PLACE CANDIDATES. How Hendricks Was Whipped Into Line in

1884-Thurman's Nomination. A veteran politician who was a delegate to the convention which nominated Tilden and Hendricks, and who retired from public life when Mr. Cleveland finished his first

term, was talking the other day about Vice-Presidential nominations. "As a rule," he said, "the Democrats have always given the Vice-Presidential nominations more consideration than have the

Republicans. "At the St. Louis convention in 1876 the dea was to make the second place as strong in its personality as the first. This is good

politics. "The trouble is that if the man for second place is as strong as the Presidential candidate, he and his friends will always feel that he should have had the first place. This was especially true in the nomination of Mr. Hendricks, and he never got over it during the campaign, or after the election.

"When the Chicago convention nominated Cleveland in 1884, the question came up again. I was one of the committee to wait upon Mr. Hendricks in that convention.

"He was a delegate at large from his State. He was determined that he would not accept the nomination for second place At one stage of the proceedings he declared that he would decline if named

"A bit of social rivalry settled his decision. Joseph E. McDonald, who was quite as well known in Indiana as Mr. Hendricks, but not so generally known to the country, was mentioned. The social rivalry between the Hendricks and McDonald families was too wide to bridge, although one family was the equal of the other.

"Hendricks and his immediate friends halted in their opposition to the second place when the possibility of McDonald was suggested. It was the gossip of the hour that Mrs. Hendricks settled the question by wire.

"Four years later, when Mr. Cleveland was renominated in St. Louis, the question of second place was the exciting incident of the convention. Indiana was again to the front, but this time with a man who in every respect was inferior to the head of the

place on the national ticket that was as spirited as the one in which Indiana insisted upon the nomination of Isaac Pusey Gray. The demand of the Indiana delegation was almost an ultivatum.

almost an ultivatum.

"If any other man than Thurman had been named over Gray I believe the Indiana delegation would have been tempted to bolt. The nomination of Thurman was a triumph of sentimental politics.

"He had worm his halo so long that it was a bit frazzled, but it was all the more revered by the hunkers for that. The nomination, while prompted by sentimentalism, was also a sop to that element of the party that was baggy at the knees and had quit crossing itself in Cleveland's presence.

"I have passed over the convention of 1880 which nominated Hancock and English in Cincinnati, because the nomination

lish in Cincinnati, because the nomination of English was a lifeless incident. The convention had been disturbed by the row precipitated upon it by Tammany, and then carried off its feet by Daniel Dough-erty's nominating speech for Hancock. "The nomination of a Vice-Presidential candidate was not fought over. The hiatus between Hancock and English grew wider

he more it was studied. "In the wigwam convention of 1892 at Chicago, Adlai Stevenson was nominated between flashes of lightning, and while a summer shower ran in streams into the hastily constructed building. While the nomination of Stevenson surprised the people, it was the result of a shrewd politi-

"Stevenson had quietly, but effectually, planted political seed during the first Cleveland Administration. It sprang up in

"Stevenson's nomination was needed at the time. It was good politics. It strengthened the teket. If Cleveland had died Stevenson would have been a safe President. I do not think, however, that he would be trusted now as he would have been trusted

"What a difference there was between the nomination of Adlai Stevenson in 1892 and that of Sewall in 1896! The last was pitiful. You know what happened in 1896. pitiful. You know what happened in 1896. Arthur Sewall, upright, and a true American, was tied to the wheel of a cart. The defeat of that ticket was as fortunate for Arthur

of that ticket was as fortunate for Arthur Sewall as it was for the country.

"The question of geography has always played a part in national conventions. Generally the Vice-President is nominated from a doubtful State in which the candidate's personality is supposed to reduce the uncertainty.

"Conditions change States as they do men. If the delegates to national conventions would study these conditions more closely the ticket might often be made stronger.

"For example: A few years ago, a con-

"For example: A few years ago, a condition came up in Kansas by which a man who had been a Confederate soldier was elected to the United States Senate. That in Kansas! I do not recall just what the conditions were, but he was elected. He served his term with credit, something unustal for a Senator from that State.

"You know what the conditions are in Kansas to-day. Suppose the ex-Senator to whom I refer is as strong with the people as he was when he was elected—I do not know whether he is or not—and suppose that the Democrats nominate an Eastern man for President—why would it not be good politics to invade Kansas by nominating a candidate from that State for second place? You can apply the same idea to a similar example of the second place? You can apply the same idea to a similar example of the second place? place? You can apply the same idea to a similar candidate from any State where con-ditions make it doubtful.

"In my opinion, the fighting chances in Kansas to-day are more favorable for the Democrats than are the chances in Missouri for the Republicans."

Railroads Must Keep Couplers in Repair.

SIOUX FALLS, S. D., April 16 .- The Interstate Commerce Commission, in the United States Court, has won its first test case to determine the nability of railroad comto keep automatic couplers in re-

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LEOPARD SHOOTING IN INDIA.

EXCITING SPORT IN A GROVE OF MANGO TREES.

ttacking the Beast in His Stronghold -Unexpected Result of a Random Shot-Charging a Crowd of Sightseers-How the Animal was Killed.

The recollections of one day's sport as recorded by "Raoul" in the Indian Sporting Times indicate that leopard shooting full of interest and often productive of exciting incidents.

He and a friend, whom he calls "M.," as soon as they got to the place of rendezvous, were met by the usual motley crowd of villagers. They then pointed out to us, says the writer, a rather heavy looking bit of cover in a ravine consisting mostly of azaleas and wild cardamoms. The villagers were positive the leopard was still in what appeared to be his stronghold: that it was from there that he had delivered his last attacks. Close to the cover the leopard was said to be in was a grove of mango trees, and thither M. and I took our stand, while we sent a couple of the more active among the spectators to climb a tree that partly overlooked the jungle. The men had taken up with them a good supply of clods. They had not thrown in many of these missiles when there was a roar and out charged a splendid looking leopard, who, finding the coast clear, as the men had now retired to a safe distance. broke away toward the south. We had a couple of snap shots, but missed.

while our attention was taken up with this brute, another leopard broke away toward the north, and the men on the trees who had seen it, said it was a much smaller one than the first. They told us also that they had marked it down in a small but thick bit of cover a couple of hundred paces or so off. This cover consisted of a stunted seesum tree thickly overgrown with wild convolvulus, with a good deal of under-growth beneath it. As we got nearer M. swore he could see something move on M, swore he could see sometring move on the tree. Closer inspection revealed the fact that this was really the case. Kneeling down and taking a careful aim as to where I thought I had seen the creepers move, I pulled the trigger. This was imme-diately answered by a muffled sort of growl, followed by the loud thud of a heavy body

falling. Seeing no further movements in the seeing no further movements in the undergrowth we cautiously approached it, and one of our followers, bolder than the rest, soon came across the body of the leopard, extended on its side and quite dead. It was soon hauled out in the open, dead. It was soon hauled out in the open, and it proved to be a three-quarters grown cub, measuring 5 feet 3 inches as it lay. This shot fired at random proved to be a wonderful fluke, for the bullet had gone through the right eye of the leopard, killing it on the spot. We were wondering as to where the other could have gof to when we were suddenly startled by the cry of "Pheo!" repeated several times. This cry of distress from some roving jackal appeared to be coming from some mulberry plants. o be coming from some mulberry planta-ions a short distance off and to the north ions a short distance on and to the hotel We at once made our way thither, followed by a motley crowd of villagers, headed by he village "tahsildar," or rent collector,

the village "tahsildar," or rent collector, and other notables.

In order not to let the men run the risk In order not to let the men run the risk of being mauled, we gave strict orders that no one was to get among the mulberry. but to throw clods from the outside. The cover was at first drawn blank, when the crowd, emboldened by the non-appearance of Master Spots, entered the plantation pellmell. We were ourselves retracing our footsteps and were on our way back, when we suddenly heard an angry growl, followed by a r umber of guttural coughs.

On looking around we found the leopard bounding away with tail on end, and as it On looking around we found the leopard bounding away with tail on end, and as it cleared the ditch around the plantation it met the crowd of sightseers, with the head man of the village leading. A most exciting and wonderful sight met our gaze now. The "tahsildar," or rent collector, was the first Spots's eyes met, and the beast was on him in a twinkling, and knocking him over actually knocked over no less than seven other men, one after another, without even touching the ground. The brute seemed to literally fly from one victim to another, most of whom were clawed tim to another, most of whom were clawe on the back as they turned around to ge

on the back as they turned around to get out of the way.

It was simply impossible to think of firing in this mélés, and while the scrimmage lasted we marked down our now fully roused foe in a small piece of thatching grass. The difficulty now was how to get at the brute. The crowd of sightseers had nearly completely vanished, carrying away with them all those that were put hors de with them all those that were put nors de combat. Close to the patch of grass which the leopard had taken shelter in was a mango sapling. I suggested to M. that, being the lighter and more active of the two of us, he should climb into the tree, from which vantage position he might easily see everything in the grass. easily see everything in the grass.

We cautiously advanced to the tree, and
M. was soon up one of its branches, some
eight or ten feet off the ground. Having handed M. his gun, I at once withdrew
to a safer place and took my stand behind a
small thorny bush, from where I could
fairly well see all that was going on in

front. M. had not been very long up when he shouted to me that he could see something moving and at once fired. This was immediately answered by the leopard charging out and making a dash for the tree. Fortunately for M. the brute sprang some three feet short. We found afterward that the first shot had disabled it considerably thus preventing it from make

ward that the first shot had disabled it considerably, thus preventing it from making good its spring

It was now my turn to have my share of the fun, for Spots, on catching sight of me, made straight for where I was standing. I just managed to get behind the bush when something yellow flashed past me. Just as it flashed past me I had a couple of snap shots, the brute going head over heels, and after a couple of somerests fell dead. Contrary to our expectations the leopard was not what we had at first expected it to be, i.e., the mother of the cub we had already shot, but was a big male.

END OF THE BENGUIAT SALE. The Total Amount Realized Was \$54,836

-Mrs. W. G. Oakman Pays the Top Price. The Benguiat tapestries and art specimens of mediæval handiwork brought a total of \$54,336. The sale ended yesterday afternoon at the American Art Galleries, in East Twenty-third street, the final afternoon bringing out the best attendance and red hot bidding. The afternoon's sale

alone amounted to \$30,527.50. The top price of the entire sale, \$2,100, was paid by Mrs. W. G. Oakman for Flemish tapestry panneau made in the reign of Louis XIV, and designed by Leclerc. The tapestry pictured the relief of Jerusalem by the son of the Emperor Vespasian. Mrs. Oakman got also a red velvet needlework panel for \$270 and a Venetian ecclesiastical

oanner for \$300. Mrs. Joseph E. Schmitt bought the final offering at the sale, an immense solid silver vase-shaped chandelier for fifteen lights, from the Braganza palace at Lis-

bon. She paid \$1,750.

B. Benjamin paid \$700 for a German Gothic tapestry representing Christ crucified between the two thieves. He bought also a Gothic priest's robe for \$425. A velours de Gènes panel sold for \$390.

W. Rutherford paid \$800 for four Genoese jardiniza out, velour portieres. J. Bish-

jardinière cut velvet portieres. J. Richmond got a set of eight ecclesiastical panels, Italian Renaissance, for \$1,010. F. B. Pratt paid \$640 for a Renaissance altar frontal.

W. H. Bliss made two purchases, a Byzantine relic which cost him \$610 and a solid silver Gothic hanging lamp. James W. Breese, J. W. Alexander, M. C. Nichols and J. C. Rhodes were other buyers.

More Standard Oll Lake Boats.

CHICAGO, April 16 .- A fleet of oil steam. boats with special docking facilities at all important ports on the Lakes and a great wharf at Whiting, Ind., for the expeditious handling of oil vestels, are improvements now being completed by the Standard Oil Company as a means of lessening the amount of oil shipped by rail, the price of which has been increased by the anti-rebate law. It is said that five vessels of the oil fiee: have already been constructed. It is planned to have as many more ready at the opening of navigation next year.

Pearls Found in Wisconsin Rivers.

From the Milwaukee Sentinel. J. A. Young, who has just retired after four years of service as Mayor of Brodhead, is one of the oldest dealers in Wisconsin pearls and came to the city yesterday to sell pearls to some of the local jewellers.

To some friends at the hotel, Mr. Young exhibited some of his rare specimens, among which was one for which he said he would not take \$10,000. "I believe it is the most perfect pearl in the country to-day." said Mr. Young. "I have been told this by experts and I have seen none better. I have been engaged in the buring and selling of

ANGLING AS DONE IN JAPAN

BAMBOO RODS AND HORSEHAIR LINES GENERALLY USED.

Lively Sport With Big Fish-Poschers Both Active and Successful—Skill of the Japanese Tiers of Files-Rainbow Trout Not Hard Fighters in Japan.

LACHINE, Canada, April 16 .- Some interesting facts about angling in Japan are given by a Canadian who was engaged in business there.

The common trout of Japan, the iwana, is probably our brown trout. The fish range in size from one to three pounds but though hatcheries have been producing large batches of the young fry for nearly forty years the difficulty in finding faith-ful gamekeepers has given poschers the opportunity of keeping down the numbers of the fish, so that fishing is by no means profitable near the chief cities.

Poachers seem to depend mainly upon nets of strange construction made of wickerwork, and slung upon poles, commonly in the murderous fashion of the dip or scoop nets so well known on this conti-

In conjunction with these nets a spy box s used, generally a rude wooden affai with one side gone, and a peep hole in the opposite side through which, when the box is submerged, the bottom of the river may be clearly seen So expert do the poschers become that

they boast of being able to take every fish they sight through their boxes. This they do by an adroit use of their nets, and with a spear to make all sure at the end. Another favorite plan when as some imes happens, a great number of trout have been sighted in a hole, is to drop a bag of quicklime to the bottom at night time, when as the lime slacks, the fish are driven gasping to the surface, where they

are speared or netted, or even picked out by the men who stand or float at the out-At the present moment the poacher is the bane of the Japanese community from an angler's point of view.

an angler's point of view.

Strangely enough, the common method of fishing in Japan is one sometimes found among the French Canadian habitants along the banks of the St. Lawrence. A long line with ground balt attached is fastened to a pole which is set leaning in a crotched stick either on the bank or in a boat, and a bell is so hung to the rod that when a fish bites the bell rings, and the victim is quickly yanked out by main strength. Running tackle and reels are almost completely unknown in that counalmost completely unknown in that country, even for trolling or fly flahing.

It will surprise no one who has heard of their marvellous dexterity and their powers of imitation to learn that in tying artificial flies the Japanese workmen cannot be excelled. Their flies never come

o pieces, and they are always true to pattern and name.

It is true that the workman is an adept It is true that the workman is an adept with his brush and pigments, and that the files may fade after use; but this is not always a serious fault in that country of changeable skies and water colorings. There is a pretty little fly, very popular locally, and very tempting to the trout on bright days, which could hardly be made at reasonable prices anywhere but in that place of cheap carefulness.

It is built upon the black dose, tied to a minnow hook, and contains a few hairs of a local squirrel, a tip from a rarely seen

minrow nook, and contains a few nars or a local squirrel, a tip from a rarely seen egret's plume, a tiny blue plume, one strand of mauve silk and a suspicion of a peacook's hackle at the shank. This wonderful little combination is perhaps the finest specimen of the flymaker's skill ever put together.

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nan busy for an hour, and come in fighting

man busy for an hour, and come in fighting mad then.

In Japanese waters, the same fish makes a great kicking and splashing at first, but comes in readily enough when his first bit of bad feeling is over. Possibly the firm hold kept up by the unyielding tackle is discouraging to the fine feelings of trout. Visitors to Japan agree that to enjoy such fishing to the utmost one must seek the northern parts of this continent, where the changing seasons and varied force of waters give zest and activity to the finny leopards of the brooks.

COURT WITH INDIAN JUDGES. Full-Blood Red Men Who Try Their Fellows

From the Kaneas City Journal. A full-blood Indian court sits at White Eagle regularly each Saturday to hear mis-demeanor cases and punish members of the Ponca and Otoe tribes. The court is author-ized by the rules of the Indian Department, and the fines assessed are turned into a fourth class fund and expended at the agency. During the administration of Major John Jensen the court funds were used

in building a laundry. defendant has ever been known to on his constitutional rights," or seek to bribe the ministers of justice, who convict about seven out of every ten defendants that come before them. The proceedings often afford much amusement to spectators. The members of the court are full bloods, never speaking English on the bench, and have high ideas of their importance. Their unvarying rule of procedure is "sook it to 'em." Each Judge

s paid a salary of \$10 a month.

Renowned for his severity in condemning the sins that beset tribal wayfarers on the long trail is Chief Justice Little Soldier He is a man of more than ordinary capacity and presides with dignity not excelled by the Lord High Chancellor of England. At his right site Associate Justice Big Goose, s humorist, if his twinkling eye tells the truth At his left sits Associate Justice Rough Face, a striking type of the North American Indian, with a sinister curve in the corners of his mouth.

Queen Will Wear Irish Friezes in Ireland. From the London Daily Mail.

The Queen has chosen for the Irish visit several ostumes of Fingal and Caledon tweeds, which are being made up into coats and skirts in the irish

In addition to these are a couple of warm travelling wraps of the thick woolly material of which the Claddagh cloaks are made. Her Majesty quite recognizes that nothing gives the Irish people so much pleasure as to know that when she goes to the Emerald Isle she is attired in cloths of Irish manufacture, and her Majesty this year has chosen an unusually large supply of the

ational fabric, Irish poplin, and a large quantity

of Limerick and Carrickmacross laces to wear in

GOAT LYMPH

NERVOUS DISEASES

Such as Locomotor Ataxia, Neurasthenia, Brain and Nerve Exhaustion, Paralysis, Insomnia and, in fact, all Diseases of the Nervous System.

nia and, in fact, all Diseases of the Nervous System.

Modern science has made great progress in lengthening human tife and in alleviating the deplorable enects of Nervous Exhaustion. It is now realized by specialists that many persons apparently in good health sufter intensely from Nervous Disorders. It is only the specialists who has devoted his life to the study of the Nervous System, who realizes the gravity of such a condition. This condition, while productive of the most acute suffering, both bodily and mentally, is rarely manifest to the ordinary physician. As a result, thousands of people in this stale are told by their doctors that there is nothing the matter with them. The patient realizes the incorrectness of such a statement, and known he is ill, but not knowing where to obtain relief, allows his condition to pass from band to worse.

It is just this class of sufferers that respond most readily to our treatment.

Geat Lymph acts directly upon the diseased nerves and other vital organs, forming an incomparable food for the entire Nervous System. It is not untailing specific in all Nervous and Organic Diseases. There is an upbuilding of the entire constitution on solid foundations, and when health and vigor of ribud and body are once restored there is no relapse, such as usually manifests tiself when tomics or drugs liave been used.

Chrenic and difficult cases respond quickly to the Lymph Serum Treatment where other methods have totally failed.

We have established for the treatment of Nervous Diseases one of the finest Private Sanitariums in the world, under the personal supervision of a specialist in Nervous Diseases. It is camped with every modern device that science can suggest for the accommodation and comfort of patients.

Elaborate conveniences have also been provided for day patients.

We cordially incite any sufferer from Nervous Diseases to call or write for detailed information.

We make no charge for consultation. SEND FOR BOOKLET. men of the figurator is perhaps the firest ejectomen of the figurator is perhaps the firest ejectomen of the figurator is perhaps the firest ejectomen of the figurator is perhaps the figurator is

TOO BUSY FOR WEDDINGS.

Father Who Was "Bucking the Standard Oll" Didn't Attend Daughter's Marriage. CINCINNATI, April 16 .- Julius Wittich, wealthy independent oil merchant, did nos witness the marriage of his daughter Martha to Dr. Otto Grismire yesterday because he was too busy "bucking the Standard Oil Company." Wittich says that twenty-four years ago the Standard told him that if he didn't handle its oil it would break him. He is still in business, but says that he cannot do anything else when he is "bucking the

TEETH AND BREATH

SOZODONT

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> The sale will be conducted by THOMAS E. KIRBY, of the

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